

LOUISVILLE DAILY DEMOCRAT.

VOLUME XXI.

Daily Democrat.

TERMS OF THE DAILY DEMOCRAT
TO THE COUNTRY.

ONE YEAR.....\$12.00
SIX MONTHS.....\$6.00
ONE MONTH.....1.00

Notice to Mail Subscribers.

Subscribers are supplied with a notice of the date their subscription will expire ten days in advance of the time; and again with a second notice on the day the last copy paid for is sent. This will enable all persons to keep the ran of their accounts, and to renew in time not to miss an issue of the paper.

Petroleum.

One of the wonders of our day is the existence of a novel article of consumption and exportation, that five years ago was not generally known. True, there were several bottles of it sold by the druggists sometimes as a medicament, but it was never spoken of in the statistics as part of the wealth of the country. Now, the quantity of it which was exported in three months, from January 1 to April the 1st, 1862, from five principal seaports, amounted to 2,342,042 gallons, valued at \$633,949. By this time the annual exportation must amount in value to six or eight million dollars in value.

It has a domestic use, far exceeding this, and has acted like some strange enchanter in lifting up into boundless wealth those who were poor, and, touching their rags as the fairy godmother did, it has transformed a thousand Cinderellas into jeweled princesses. So boundless has been the means lavished by it, and so abundant the profusion arising from it, that its possessors divide the arena of fashion, with the army contractors, and put even shoddy itself to the blush. We have a new mushroom aristocracy named after it, and *Petrolia* divides the honors with shoddy. *Petrolia* has the gold coach, the gleaming diamonds, the glossy silk and velvet. Petrolian palaces are built on fashionable streets, and Petrolian villas ornament the pleasantest spots in the country. Let the man be ever so poor with a spot of ground, so that he once "strikes it," and forthwith the magician Petroleum comes, as to another Aladdin, offering him the secret wealth of the universe. His destiny is changed. His days of toil, except the arduous toil of laying out his money, are over, and he looks forward to ease and splendor.

This wonderful magician, Petroleum, or coal oil, now so abundant, is formed from the decomposition of organic matter in the soil, particularly of rock salt, and although it has been known for many years it has never been found in such abundance as to form any considerable object of trade. Herodotus mentioned it twenty-three hundred years ago, and is supposed to be an element in the formation of the famous Greek fire. The census report tells us that it was found in its more solid form on the shores of the Caspian Sea, near the Irrawaddy of Burmah, in Italy, as well as in our country, and was known as asphalt. In its more solid form it has been known as asphaltum, and has been found in various places. Petroleum is nearly identical in properties with the artificial oils distilled from such minerals as cannel, brown coal, or lignite, bituminous shales, which have been well known in the United States for the last eight or ten years, but which have been driven out of market by the abundant supply of native petroleum springs.

It has been known to the white people of this country since the middle of the last century, who learned its existence from the Seneca Indians. It was first found upon Oil creek, a branch of the Alleghany, in Venango county, Pennsylvania, and near the head of the Genesee river in New York. A perennial flow of oil has been known to exist at the former spot for over a century. The spring for the last forty years has been involved in a vat, which was daily skimmed by the proprietor. This, however, became insignificant in 1845, when a spring was struck near Tarentum, thirty-five miles above Pittsburg, on the Alleghany. But little was done, however, until 1855, when Messrs. Bowditch & Drake, of New Haven, struck a fountain of oil by boring at the depth of twenty-one feet, which yielded 400 gallons daily. Before the close of 1860 the number of wells and borings was estimated at two thousand, of which seventy-four of the larger ones were producing daily an aggregate of eleven hundred barrels of crude oil, worth then twenty cents a gallon. This, however, is a mere bagatelle to what was afterwards produced by wells sunk to the depth of five or six hundred feet, which gave each a daily yield of three thousand barrels. Its increase was from 1850 to 1861, as sent on the Erie and Sunbury railroad, from 325 barrels to 134,927 barrels. In 1862 the amount shipped was placed at 1,000,000 barrels, the amount on hand at 92,450 barrels, and the amount of daily flow at 5,717 barrels. Average weight of the oil at \$1 per barrel, \$1,092,000; average cost of wells at \$1,000 each, \$495,000; machinery, buildings, &c., from \$500 to \$700 each; making a total of \$500,000. Crude oil in the market was then worth twenty cents per gallon. It is now quoted (1,100 barrels) at \$12.50; the refined is quoted at wholesale in the market at \$45, 65c, and 67c.

A SEVERE THURST.—The correspondents tell us Beauregard "passed his staff" through Opelika, Alabama, on the 8th, on his way to the Tennessee army.

An orator complains that the conservatives cannot get the ear of the President. Be consoled; we hope to get both of them in a few days.

The exploits in the Shenandoah valley reminds an exchange of a revolutionary period. Not Valley Forge, we hope.

Lincoln wants his army strong enough to lift the enemy out of the trenches, as well as carry an election.

The most efficacious delicacy you can send to your sweetheart to gain her love, is a "tender line."

The national debt is getting so large we are afraid the country has about gone to its "long account."

THE WAY THEY TAKE OUT EXEMPTION PAPERS IN THIS STATE IS TO TAKE OUT IN SOME OTHER DIRECTION.

EQUIVOCAL.—To say so many rebels have been destroyed that Davis is lamenting—over the left.

The charity of some folks consists in finding a rich man hungry and "taking him in."

SQUARING THE CIRCLE.—Make out a round bill and force your debtor to square it.

IT IS A GREAT DEAL PLEASANTER IN THIS WORLD TO SETTLE DOWN THAN TO HAVE TO SETTLE UP.

DOES A PERSON'S BEING DRIVEN BY A CO. CONSTITUTE HIM A DRAVE OF CATTLE?

WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN GREEN TEA AND ANY OTHER KIND OF TEA?

EARLY TOOK SOME GUNS FROM SHERIDAN, BUT "LET 'EM OFF" AFTERWARDS.

WHAT A WAR.—The Albany Journal says a snake's tail wage after it is dead.

THE RADICAL CENSURE OF A COMPROMISE IS AN "ABUSE OF TERMS."

AN EXPENSIVE LUXURY.—Ring a bell.

A young bride dropped dead in the streets of Hartford, the other day, from disease of the heart.

The excitement is extending into new fields daily, and we learn that a few months since the fountains at Marietta, Ohio, were

LOUISVILLE. KENTUCKY: SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 30, 1864.

NUMBER 103.

The following pretty gem is welcome to a place in our columns:

[For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.]

ONLY A HEART.

BY GEORGE J. GUILFORD.

Step not aside, nor pass as if in doubt, For she who loves is lost, 'tis said; 'Tis a trifle in your pathway laid—only a human heart.

Eye, spurn it with that faintly little foot, And crush it till it's half-tide throbings cease;

Why should a bunch such as this be there? To bar a lovely woman's onward way?

Tie not a stone to trip or thorn to rend, Nor can it wound back nor cause them pale,

So crushed and bleeding at your feet it lies;

Then give this paifly heart no sympathy, For others such have loved and lost before,

Then aimed at lesser quarry than her this. The world is full of hearts and women fair,

And beautiful as those oft do these things. Yet, in the flight of time the day may come,

The glass shall fail to control all thy wealth

Or beauty, or strength, or power, or fame,

The eye that beams with such a lustre fire

May glimmer with a less celestial flame;

One sighted tress that adorns thy brow

Will all silvered with the frost of age;

And when that time may come, perchance then!

A dried-up, herring-faced, glib-eyed scoundrel, who doesn't wonder why so many veterans getting married. He says one who has faced a cannon's mouth and heard a thousand of them talk at once, can never be frightened by a woman!

—Wealth bears heavier on talent than riches; under gold-mountains and thrones who knows how many a spiritual giant lies buried!

—The number of idle, useless girls in all our large cities seems to be steadily increasing. They lounge or sleep through their morning, parade the street during the afternoon, and assemble in frivolous companies of their own and the other sex to pass away their evenings. What a store of unhappiness for themselves and others are they laying up for the future, when real duties and responsibilities shall be thrown about them! They are skilled in no domestic duties—nay, despise them; have no habit of industry, nor taste for the useful. What will they be as wives and mothers? Alas, for themselves and husbands and children! Who can wonder if domestic unhappiness and domestic ruin brook.

—The leaves of a great many books are as numerous, comparatively, as the leaves on the trees, and are decidedly green.

—We have heard so much of the "lay of the last minstrel," that it must certainly have been a golden egg.

—Could a drafted man, by putting his hand in the Provost Marshal's pocket, claim exemption on the ground of his hand being out of place?

—A Dutchman's beer—lager.

—A con. very expensive to solve—Linen-cofin.

—A smile from one we love is a dew-drop from her heart, which falls tenderly upon our own.

—Perambulating our streets a few days ago, we saw an elderly lady followed by her youngest daughter, a rosy-cheeked Miss of about "sweet sixteen," in search of something, and as the old lady raised her spectacles (*la Mrs. Partington*), she indignantly exclaimed: "Sich a town. Here I've nearly ruined my shoes walking these fetch'd streets, in search of a little *galler-buff* gingham and *pinked* calico, and the store-keeper says 'taint to be had. Sich a town!" BETSYVILLE, KY., Oct. 24, 1864.

FROM POVERTY TO RICHES.

All through this neighborhood we have accounts of sudden increase of wealth among people of humble origin. Cases here and there, however, do rise from earning three shillings a day, to be the possessors of thousands. A private owner in the Eankill dragons named Wallace, who could not buy an extra pair of boots a year or two ago, is now worth \$75,000.

WHAT SOME DO WITH THREE MONEY.

While a large number of those who have realized fortunes have gone to live in style in large cities—one party having just paid as high as one hundred and fifty thousand dollars cash for a house in New York—others invest their money, both in purchasing fine estates elsewhere and in Government securities. Some again remain in the vicinity and lead an unchanged life in nearly every respect. We were paddled in a boat by an old prince, aged fifteen, heir to a million, restless and hale, and with but one suspender to keep his courage and his trousers up.

A SEVERE THURST.—The correspondents tell us Beauregard "passed his staff" through Opelika, Alabama, on the 8th, on his way to the Tennessee army.

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ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

[For the Louisville Sunday Democrat.]

LIFE.

BY BURCHAM.

The sun's bright rays o'ertop yon grove Where I in childhood loved to rove, And pluck from off the tiny stems The brightest of God's fragrant gems.

Bright flow'r! I love them like a child Receives a word from parent mild,

For, glorious gems, I see in these, God's grand and silent words to me.

They're midday gold in their bright flow'rs,

And bright flow'rs, like diamonds bower,

With soft and angelic musing breath,

To bind us to the skies.

For in the skies,

For you seem too pure for earth.

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PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY
HARNEY, HUGHES & CO.

OFFICE—

South Side Green Street, two doors below the Customhouse.

SUNDAY, OCT. 30, 1864.

CITY NEWS.

POLICE PROCEEDINGS.—Saturday October 29th—Albert Jackson (f. m. c.) drunk and disorderly conduct. Fined \$5, and held in \$100 to answer an indictment.

Michael Ford, drunk and disorderly conduct. Fined \$5, and held in \$100 for three months.

Ella Dunn, drunk and disorderly conduct. Fine \$5.

Anthony Smith, drunk and disorderly conduct. Discharged.

Jno. Watson, alias Hy Williams, suspected felon; \$300 for six months.

John G. Beck, stealing harness from B. H. Thurman; \$300 to answer felony.

John Conway, assaulting George Randell, committed till Monday.

Wm. Lorenz, stealing a set of harness from D. Dix. Discharged.

John Lee, stealing a revolver from T. F. Brown. Committed till Monday.

Frank, slave of Thomas Crozier, assisting a negro woman and two negro children, slaves of Boyd Winchester, to escape. Continued under Monday morning.

GRAVE.—A few nights ago, when the moon had thrown a veil of mourning over her fair face, two persons, who no doubt had an eye to being "bunchers in the army," went to the Eastern Cemetery for the purpose of disturbing the quiet repose of some innocent human beings. They crawled through a hole in the fence and proceeded some distance through the house of the dead, until they halted near a new made grave, and at once commenced rooting up the very bowels of the earth by throwing the dirt in all directions. They had partly uncovered the corpse, when they discovered—nigh to a grave that was newly made—at the old sexton's—with a gun, not spike!—and two others, who soon put a stop to their "body snatching" by escorting them to the jail. The sexton informs us that he will give "body snatchers" a load of something a little heavier than feathers if they are again caught trying to rob the graves.

CITY.—Was not yesterday a perfect love of a day? Old Sol behaved very prettily, and blessed this portion of the country with his radiant smile during the day. The ladies were out en masse, and in the afternoons they attended the instructive matinées at the theaters, and enjoyed themselves happily. The business portion of the community was kept lively all day. No news of local importance transpired. But very few arrests were made; and when the shades of night were gathering nigh, the city presented a quiet appearance.

ENCL.—Yesterday morning, about 5 o'clock, an old gentleman named Johnson, from Indiana, was in the Drama Saloon imbibing pretty freely, when his son, a young man, tried to get him to go home or to a hotel. The father refused, when a scuffle ensued, during which the father threw his son to the floor, breaking his leg just below the knee. The unfortunate boy was taken away, and his leg attended to, while the father, who soon became sober, wept like a child over the affair.

MESSRS. EMMIT & CO.—We invite the attention of our readers to the conspicuous advertisement of Messrs. EMMIT & CO., well-known dry goods house, on Fourth street, in today's paper. Their stock of goods is one of the best and most complete to be found in the city, and their prices are regulated to suit the times, and warranted to give universal satisfaction to all who may purchase goods of them.

The new church on Chestnut street, between Eighth and Ninth, erected by the Eighth Street Methodist congregation, and which is an ornament to our city, has been so far completed that Divine service will be held in the basement room on Sabbath morning, 30th instant, at 11 o'clock, on which occasion Bishop Kavanagh will preach.

Service also at 7 o'clock P. M.

A few evenings since a certain individual entered an old countryman into his store and tried to sell him some clothing. While this was going on a soldier stepped in and stole a whole suit of clothes, hid them under his great coat, and walked up to the countryman and said, "By old man, come out of this before that fellow skins you." The two walked out together and parted.

EICK AND WOUNDED.—During the past week upwards of three thousand sick and wounded soldiers have passed through this city on four-loughs to their homes to vote. Three hundred and twenty others, who were unable to proceed further, were transferred to hospitals in this city. On Friday nine hundred more arrived and were transferred to the hospitals here.

MORTAL.—Our clever friend Mr. Wash. Wyatt, undertaker, furnishes the following number of interments, made during the past week:

Care Hill Cemetery.....	9
Eastern.....	18
Western.....	6
Total.....	33

BARRACKS NO. 1.—Yesterday was rather a busy day. Forty-one convalescents and nine deserters were received from various points. Six hundred and five men were transferred to Nashville, ten to Lexington, and three to Bowlinggreen.

ARE YOU SUFFERING FROM DEAFNESS OR DIS-EASES OF THE EYE? If so, go and consult Dr. Gardner, who is said to be the best eye and ear surgeon in the country. The Doctor can be consulted daily at the Louisville Hotel. Read his advertisement.

LOST.—On the 15th of October a boy, who answers to the name of Charles Henry. He had on blue jeans clothes. Any person returning the said boy to 207 Green street, to J. W. Richards, will receive a liberal reward.

SHOOTING.—We learned at a late hour last night that a shooting affray occurred near the corner of Hancock and Green streets, during which three or four persons were wounded. We could learn no particulars.

MEETING AT THE COURTHOUSE.—The Abolition meeting at the courthouse last night was like the little boy's stick of candy—there wasn't much of it, and it didn't last long.

MESSRS. MONGOMERY & FRYER, offerers of the finest stocks of ladies' goods and gentlemen's underwear in the city. See their advertisement in today's paper.

MR. ED. HODGE, the clever mill agent on the Nashville railroad, has our thanks for the Nashville papers of yesterday.

THE trial of Col. Livingston is still in progress, and will be concluded some time during the coming week.

THE body of a drowned soldier was found in the river, at the mailboat landing, yesterday.

LUNCH.—There will be a fine lunch set at the Pearl Saloon at 10 o'clock this morning.

PASSES.—The number of passes issued for the week ending Oct. 29th was 370.

A NICE PRESENT.—It affords us at all times undignified pleasure to notice the cordial friendship which exists between ministers and their flocks, whatever creed they profess. This, the sadly disorganized, still religiously liberal country. Last Sunday the respected minister of the Israelite congregation on Fourth street was made the recipient of a hand-some service of plate, weighing upwards of two hundred ounces. It was presented to him in an able speech in the presence of the whole congregation, which attended to honor the occasion. Unexpected as it was, the pastor was scarcely prepared to reply adequately, but the effusion of his heart in his brief but touching response produced a most tender feeling among his auditors, especially the gentler sex. The Rev. B. H. Gottheil is too well known to our citizens generally to need any comment from us on the occasion; still we may add the hope that he may long be spared to witness the daily increasing prosperity of the flock over which he rules, he being the first and only minister of the congregation since the erection of the present edifice, sixteen years ago.

The few religious journals now published in the country, the great want of religious instruction in regard to the obligations of the church in these times of peril and danger to the interests of education and religion, the alarming progress of wickedness, infidelity, licentious indulgence in sin of every kind, the divided, weak and sickly state of the churches generally, and the absolute necessity that some prompt, united and determined effort should be put forth to revive the dying graces of the church, and to check the tide of moral desolation which now threatens the very foundations of society and government, and together with many other subjects of vital interest to our suffering country, are the considerations which suggested our new enterprise.

MARRIAGE LICENSE.—Marriage licenses have been issued to the following persons by the clerk of the Jefferson County Court from the 22d to the 29th inst.

J. R. Rowland and Maria Spotts, John Anchors and Dora Selp.

Charles Guiver and P. Ross.

John W. Raines and Anna L. Lester.

Samuel and Kate Mary Luck.

D. M. Deppen and Estella V. Cain.

D. M. White and Alice Stepper.

F. P. Fuller and Hattie N. Drake.

James C. Campbell and Eliza Moore.

John G. Williams and Anna E. Newman.

Mark Bell and Anna May Day.

Thos. Stith and Eliza Devitt.

Ferdinand Smith and Frederick Baile.

John V. Lewis and Anna M. Hauck.

William Deuer and Anna M. Hauck.

John D. Ferne and Nancy Maddox.

John Goodman and Anna I. Bennett.

John G. Williams and Anna E. Newman.

Mark Bell and Anna May Day.

John E. Leary and Margaret Kerwick.

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On Negro Emancipation.

There is now 15 negroes, men, women and children, or rather, half men and half women, in Winger's Corners, and yesterday another arrived. I am becoming alarmed, for if they increase at this rate, in six or seven years they'll have a majority in the town, and, may, if they get men enough, tyrannize over us, even as we are tyrannized over them. The danger is imminent! Already our poor white inhabitants are out upon the streets to the roost for that nigger— even now our shops and factories is full of that nigger, to the great detriment of a white inhabitant who her a family 2 support, and our Poor Hows and Jails is full of him.

I implore the people to wake up. Let us hold a mass meeting to take this subject in consideration, and that biens is necessary. I propose the adoption of a series of measures to restrain the slaves from coming here, and to protect them from harm.

I told you my love are the best cause to part, And stricken them with anger to the core. But there came from the party like, ere mine they met.

A smot of roast onions I ne'er can forget.

The difference between the Prince of Wales and a bombshell is, that one is heir to the throne and the other throws to the air.

If a man tells you that you are a fool, tell him you are very near one.

A shoemaker sent his bill to old Bushy, who had 4 or 5 darters:

To souther Miss Mary, \$1 22

To strapping and wheling Miss Susan, 25

To binding and closing Miss Ellen, 18

To putting a few stitches in Miss Jane, 6

If seven days make one week, how many will make one strong?

A good book is like a taper's nose—re(ad) to the very end.

Does 4 rods make an aching tooth? It's an acre.

Will the young lady who sent us the pretty necktie assist us in tying the knot?

A guerrilla was found dead the other day with a copy of the Louisville Press.

Price burned over 400 wagons, and blew up his ammunition train.

His army is disorganized. Several thousand men have been picked up. They are to march to Arkansas.

Price's force was twenty-five thousand men.

Men were between five and six thousand.

I marched ninety-two miles in two days, and fought for the last two miles.

Captured prisoners state that Price's army is round.

General Fagan is reported killed.

Our troops behaved admirably.

I am sorry to say that he has but one gun left, and that without ammunition.

They are reported deserting in great numbers.

The rebels are disgusted with the campaign and are deserting rapidly, fleeing into Arkansas, going to Texas.

Our prisoners amount to about two thousand.

A. PLIMASONT, Major General.

There are several hundred guerrillas south.

Clinton, Mo., Oct. 250 attacked

Clinton, about fifteen citizens and negroes,

deserted the rebels, and were taking our prisoners and severely wounding five others.

None of the Union men were hurt.

The Effect of Marriage.—Doubtless

you are remarking with satisfaction how the little bundles of mud who marry rather late in life are the most awfully bad.

You have found a man who is bound to be shabbily and carelessly dressed, with huge shirt-collar frayed at the edges, and a glaring yellow silk pocket-handkerchief, broken at these and become a pattern of neatness. You have seen a man whose hair and whiskers were riduculously cut, speedily become like other human beings. You have seen a clergyman who wears a long beard in a little while appear without one. You have seen a man who used to sing ridiculous sentimental songs leave them off. You have seen a man who took snuff copiously, and who generally had his breast covered with snuff, abandon the vice.

The Ninth Corps occupied the right. The advance did not gain much ground, the object being to drive the rebels across the bridge before the right advanced.

The colored division of the Ninth corps had some skirmishing with the rebels, but nothing approaching a fight. They lost a few wounded.

General Fagan had been wounded, and the rear of his column had been struck.

It will be a very easy matter, as will be seen by reference to the map, to keep the Danville railroad on the south side of the Appomattox.

It is impossible to guess at what point the rebels will stop, but the plan of the rebels is to extend the movement particularly at this time further than to the Appomattox.

The Danville railroad, south of the Appomattox, will naturally be the next object of attack.

Gen. Grant's Late Movement Only a Reconnaissance.

Daily Democrat.

"GOING ALONE."

With smile in the sunny air to sing,
With light in the many blue eyes,
With laughter so clearly outgiving,
A laugh of delight and surprise;
All the world
And trusting no strength but its own—
The body's gone alone.

What woful mishaps have needed
The way of rejecting and pride!
How often I have deeply been moved
Has carelessly gone from his side.

He will fail while reaching for success;

Which is now
Whose tears of vexation have down,
And tears of vexation have followed,
But now he is "going alone."

And all through his life he will stand

This lesson again and again:

He will always lean upon a shadow,

He will fail while over the pain

The hand whose fond clasp was the surest

Will coldly withdraw from his own,

The hand which he had loved,

And will be walking alone.

He will learn what a stern world we live in,

And he may grow cold like the east,

Just keeping a warm sunny welcome,

For those who seem trust and best;

They are here to be won,

And stronger and manlier grown,

Not trusting it all in their keeping,

He learns to walk bravely alone.

And yet not alone, for our Father
The faltering footsteps will guide,
Through the dark and stormy strife,
And "over the river" deep tide.

One here is a helper unfailing,

Madly and with wild shrieks he now

paces the room, thrusting from him all

friends; even Henri, who has asked to

be left alone with him, is repulsed.

The laws of France prolong but twenty-

four hours the survivor's watch over a

dead one loved. Mme. Coulaincourt was

next morning borne from her home, and in

a few hours her husband returned to his desolate house, his heart nearly broken, his nerves worked up to the highest pitch by the terrible cerebration of his loss.

Madly and with wild shrieks he now

paces the room, thrusting from him all

friends; even Henri, who has asked to

be left alone with him, is repulsed.

"Cecile has been a blessing to me," Coulaincourt would say, "from the day when my aunt laid her into my arms. I owe the prosperity of my house to her, for she gave me Adrian."

Adrian felt the deepest gratitude to both the merchant and his daughter. His wife, a gentlewoman, was not at all shocked by the sudden change in her son-in-law; she holds up to him the fair sleeping child.

"She is another Cecile," said the lady in a low, calm voice, "and the Cecile that is gone left her to you, a memorial of your love and of the two years of happiness you passed together."

Mme. Coulaincourt sank down on a sofa

gazed on the child as it was laid across his knees, and for some moments spoke not.

Then at last, extending a hand to each of the friends who watched him, "Sister," said he, "Henri, for the sake of her child."

"James, it is?" said I. "How old is she now?"

"She is six years old, and I have promised to hold a little party for her in the evening."

"Susan, will it cost anything?"

"Why, but a trifle, James. Besides, Salalie has never had a birthday party, you know."

"Salalie should not have her birthday party so soon, wife, in such times as these. How long is it since I bought her a self-opening locomotive for a birthday present?"

"That was Susie, my dear. It's perfectly disgusting to me the way you do mix those children up!"

"But what will this soiree cost us, Susan?"

"You are forever preaching economy at me, and I'd like you to practice it a little, and let me preach. It's more fun to preach, I like it first-rate."

"Oh! there will have to be some nuts and apples bought."

"And some candy of course?"

"No—"

"What! A baby party, and no candy?"

"I've never interrupt you at every word, James. Tell you, I have bought two boxes of chocolates, and I am going to make the candy myself. Now there's one of my shifts. I never get any credit for it."

"But what a dandy job, Susan! Stretching candy sticks a body's fingers up so!"

"Adrian was so timid in her presence that she felt she had to encourage him; so after a little insignificant conversation, Cecile suddenly asked him if he had seen the letter addressed to her father by Colonel de Lucy."

"I have."

"You know the answer?"

"M. Coulaincourt has told me—"

"Thinking about what?"

"Now, sir, if you dare to have a thought you have not communicated to me you had better look out."

"Indeed, I have not—"

"I will cross-examine you."

"Well—"

"Now, sir, if you dare to have a thought you have not communicated to me you had better look out."

"They are not likely to do that; you know Mlle. Cecile, that wherever you go you excite admiration and love."

"Nonsense; do you mean to say that every man that sees me is in love with me!"

"Every one who is often in your society."

"Every one! Why, Adrian, you then, who have known me all your life, and see every day, are you in love with me?"

"Mademoiselle, that is a cruel question."

"Not at all, Adrian; it is an honest question and demands an honest answer. Give it to me from your heart, Adrian."

"Then, Cecile, from my heart, I love you."

"And, Adrian, with all my heart, I love you; do not go off into ecstasies for my love has a great obstacle to surmount."

"But what is the obstacle?"

"My poverty—my birth?"

"No, your love; my father will never forgive that."

"What, then, is to be done?"

"It must be concealed from him; that is the only way to bring about our marriage. Trust all to me and we shall be happy."

Adrian's heart was never so little as on that day; he could not bring his mind to consider plate dull commercial details after all he had heard that morning.

"Mr. Dobb," said I, "I will have a rug for the floor, and a carpet for the bed, and a sofa for the parlor, and a chair for the drawing-room."

"I will, Susan, let's see what it will cost."

"I paid sixty cents for two quarts."

"Add apples?"

"A peck will supply the party; that will be sixty cents more."

"These words passed between two women who had met in the village as they went for water."

"And to think of its coming from such a little thing," said one.

"Ah! he didn't know what the thorn was going to do for him."

Jem Radford's Thorn.

"Only think of Jem Radford, poor fellow!

"When will they bury him?"

"They're gone now to take him out of the hospital. I suppose they'll bury him tomorrow."

"As for the painting, seems to me you might mend it in some way, James, since you make those things yourself."

"Those things? That's a wife for an artist!"

"The piano and music I will see what I can get do with and as for the carpet, we can get a rug for the center of the room, and the rest will do."

"Another expense, my dear."

"James, I have wanted a rug for that room this long time. For my part, I don't care if it be helped now, and there are no more birthdays in the family this year."

"Let us be thankful for that, then," said I.

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